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NO. I.

THE CASKET:

PERIODICAL

OF THE

Chowan Female Collegiate Institute,

MURFREESBOROUGH, N. C.

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EDITED BY

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WISDOM IS BETTER THAN RUBIES.

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MURFREESBOROUGH:

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## The Casket.

As the matter for this work is furnished exclusively from the paper of the Literary Society, prepared by *members of the Institute*, and is *entirely original*, there must of necessity be much crude material introduced. Of course, it is not expected that it will awaken any interest beyond the circle of the friends of the Seminary. The kindness of those friends will, we trust, disarm their criticism, when we assure them that none can so sincerely regret, as we do ourselves, our inability to furnish them a richer mental banquet. Gladly would the Casket enshrine for its friends intellectual gems of greater intrinsic value and higher polish—diamonds of the first water, the brilliancy of whose rays would enlighten as well as attract. But, while grieved not to be able to do what we *desired*, we have not been deterred from attempting to do what we *could*, relying on the indulgence of those who are already disposed to regard us leniently. We shall be satisfied if this work shall increase the friendly interest of such, and contribute in any degree to the improvement of the Students of the Institute.

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## CONTENTMENT.

WHAT is it? "A slip taken off from the tree of life and planted by divine grace in the soul." If, then, we would enjoy its blessings, let us see that it has taken root in our hearts; else, we shall find that what had the appearance of genuine flowers and fruit were only counterfeits that will soon wither away, leaving us to regret that we vainly sought to keep the branch alive, while we thought not of the parent stem whence it must derive its nourishment. If, however, we have reason to hope that this seed of heavenly origin has been implanted in our souls, let us bear in mind that it is an exotic, and that it will require much care in order that it may flourish in the ungenial soil of the human heart. Without continual watching, it will droop, and with its decline all our joys will fade. Then let us guard it well. Let not the noxious weeds of worldly care retard its growth. From earth it cannot derive its aliment. Earthly streams can never keep it fresh and fair. No. Content, heaven-descended, seeks its nurture from the skies. Then let it draw it thence. Watered from on high and nourished by the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness, it will bloom unhurt amid the storms of life, scattering fragrance o'er our pathway here, and then, transplanted to a kindlier soil upon the margin of the Stream of Life, it will sweeter be and fairer bloom while being lasts or immortality endures.

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## FAME.

An empty breath, that plays round the head and falls on the pleased ear, leaving the heart untouched, or filled with bitter and troubled waters, which call for something better, purer far than human praise to sweeten and to soothe them into rest.



## FOR THE CASKET.

## GEMS FOR THE CASKET.

GEMS, gems for the Casket! I asked day and night;

Give gems for the Casket, all sparkling and bright!

None heeded my cry, till in sorrow I turned,  
And in secret the Casket all empty I mourned.

To the Principal, first, I hastened for aid;  
Lo! a cloud on his brow—not a word he essayed:

Then I knew that his thoughts were far, far away,

By the blue rolling waves of the *Chesapeake Bay*.

To the Reverends, next, all submissive I go:  
They list to my tale—perhaps, pitied my woe—  
But they gave me, alas! not one single gem.  
I forgive, but I hoped better treatment from them.

How sad now my heart, as I looked through my tears,

And the Casket, still empty, before me appears.  
But a bright thought is left: to the Ladies I'll go;

While Hope fondly whispered, They will lighten thy woe.

To the Mistress of Painting I hastened away,  
Exclaiming, "A gem for the Casket, I pray!"  
I trembled, as palette and brushes all fell,  
Lest the frown on her brow on the picture should dwell.

Then I hied to the one that, with magical art,  
Sways the sceptre of love o'er each juvenile heart;

She laughed and exclaimed, as I ventured my plea,  
"Ask sunbeams from gourds, but not jewels from me!"

How sadly I turned, while grief bowed my head,

To the one from whose cheek health's roses have fled!

The glance of her eye told her heart was with me,

But the flesh was so weak that I urged not my plea.

Next, my burdened heart turned to the musical band.

Should I venture of them a gem to demand?  
I knew not, alas! if their souls were in tune:  
And, fearing some discord, I asked not the boon,

Save of one, whose heart fond pity did move  
To grant me a gem all glowing with "Love,"  
Which the Casket enshrines with its splendor so bright,  
To gladden the hearts that may listen to-night.

Grown bold by success, I now ventured near  
The "Master of Signs," though not without fear,  
Lest to him it should seem like presumption of mine

To expect gems rare as his for me to enshrine.

I looked for a frown, but the light on his brow  
Chased the gloom from my heart, sorely burdened till now:

And the "gem" which he gave, Oh! how bright does it shine!

"Fact," garnished by "Fancy," breathes forth in each line.

Thanks, thanks, kindest sir! May "Fancy" portray

Joys less brilliant than "Facts," that shall gladden your way.

Thanks, thanks, gentle lady! May your portion be "Love,"

While you sojourn on earth and in mansions above.

Gems, gems for the Casket! The strain I'll prolong.

Give gems for the Casket! shall still be my song.

When the Casket is broken, they will all, on my part,

Be embalmed in the innermost shrine of the heart.

## FOR THE CASKET.

## HOME SCENES.

This subject, doubtless, seems a dull one after the philosophical, poetical, sentimental and flowery essays with which we are from time to time favored within these walls; but, as it suits both the capacity and inclination of the writer, it is hoped it will be received with patience. I would not, however, have it supposed that I take no interest in Philosophy, and that I have never tried to conquer any of the difficulties that lie in the pathway of the student: nor that there

is nothing in the works of a Milton, a Moore, a Scott, a Shakspeare or a Byron to excite emotions of interest in my innermost soul. Neither would I have it thought that I do not read from Nature's ample book, so open to all, the attributes of the Creator. I love the leaves of that "elder scripture," writ by God's own hand. I love the stars; for the same star I watch here looks down with its bright eyes on those whom I hold as dear as life in my own far off Virginia.

home. I love the flowers, too; for the flower that here raises its tiny head to smile on me so lovingly as I pass reminds me that its sister-flower is nourished with tender care by the hands of fond ones at home. But I know I cannot do justice to any of these subjects, and will leave them to minds more highly cultivated and, consequently, more competent to do them justice than my own, and in a retired home scene I will cultivate the talent of which I have not enough to display elsewhere. I will visit my home at evening—that season when the most united and happy families seem more closely drawn together still, as if shunning the darkness in which Nature has wrapt all without. They are collected within to rejoice in the light of each other's countenance. They are seated around the bright wood fire in the neat and comfortable parlor of a country house. It is here that all the follies of fashion are laid aside, and when one looks around he knows he looks on the faces of friends—if these are to be found on earth—and not on the shadows that follow us as long as the sun of prosperity shines, but retire as the darkness of adversity gathers

around. But I wander from my subject. I will now introduce you to the family circle at home. The dignified and agreeable old gentleman seated in the large arm-chair is the father and honored head of the family. Seated next to him is the gentle and loving mother. The other members of the family are grouped according to their inclination around their parents. They listen to those words of instruction, which will be treasured up as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." An older brother, seated near the lamp, then makes vocal some instructive book, to which all listen with deep interest. But the clock has struck and the interesting book is laid aside, and the father, after having read from the best of all books, kneels with his cherished ones in adoration to the Preserver of all things. With their hearts thus filled with gratitude for the mercies of the past day, these my absent (but, to the spirit, ever present) loved and honored ones seek repose. May their slumbers ever be as peaceful as is their quiet home scene, till that scene is exchanged for the fadeless home of Heaven.

S. B. Blandell

#### FOR THE CASKET.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF A WELL REGULATED IMAGINATION.

We find, in examining the powers and operations of the human mind, many phenomena which are too complicated for our finite understandings to unravel. If we examine but one of its numerous faculties—the imagination—we find that such is its influence that the character of each individual depends in a great degree upon the manner in which it is regulated. If it is allowed to wander, without discretion, through scenes of extravagance and vice, its effects are most injurious to the possessor. The mind is then diverted from all worthy objects of pursuit and attainment.

When thus affected, it either dwells in a delusive world of its own creation, or is occupied with trivial subjects. Most cases of insanity result from an ill-regulated imagination. Many of the crimes which darken and render horrible our prisons originated in the same source. Many of the wars which have laid waste so many fruitful lands were familiar to the imagination of some ambitious tyrant before they actually occurred. Doubtless, the cruel deeds of Nero were acted and re-acted in the recesses of his guilty imagination anterior to the time when they deluged Europe with the blood of its citizens. But, as the peaceful rivulet, when agitated by the raging storm, sends forth waters turbid and boisterous, but, when permitted to flow gently through its own narrow channel, emits clear and salutary streams, so the imagination, when exercised within proper limits, is a source of perpetual pleasure and benefit. What is a mind devoid of a vivid imagination, compared with one enlivened by an inventive

genius? It is like a dormant pool contrasted with a running stream. Imagination may be regarded to some extent as the motive-power of man. In whatever sphere he is called to act, he has to exercise this faculty at every step, in order to accomplish his designs. Imagination suggests to the laborer the manner in which his task is to be performed, and to the artist the various places exhibited in the fine arts. It first directed the astronomer to point his telescope to the celestial host, and it has aided him in the important discoveries that he has since made. The wisest philosopher has not reached his present attainments without exercising his imagination. How slow and laborious would be the progress of the student, were he obliged to go through all the operations necessary to his success, if his imagination did not place before him, in advance, their results! Could the most diligent ever translate another language into his own, or go through a train of mathematical reasoning correctly, were he entirely destitute of imagination? What a vacuum would be made in literature, were it robbed of all the beautiful garlands with which the imagination has entwined it? Without imagination, the halls of learning would be nought but pleasant. The pupils, having to deal with sober realities only, would soon become weary and discouraged; while the teachers, alike affected, would shrink from the performance of their arduous tasks. But, as the summer's sun strews every path with flowers, so the imagination, when well regulated, sheds light and animation on all our undertakings. What political star ever shone



brighter than that brightest star in our American skies—the patriot Washington? or, what statesman has surpassed, in excellence and efficiency, the late Daniel Webster? And is not their success to be attributed in no small degree to the manner in which they regulated the imaginative faculty?

The imagination is also exercised when we act on the high principles of morality; and it is partly by its aid that we are enabled to judge how our conduct will appear to others. This

faculty is the medium through which we view the future—the power which aids us to form some conception of the joys of the blessed and the woes of the lost. The fact that the Deity has given us this faculty, which subserves such important purposes, proves that we are under obligation to regulate it as He has directed, and to render it, with all our other powers, subservient to His will. Then, only, shall we be truly happy, when we thus consecrate all our powers to Him from whom they came.

E. L.

FOR THE CASKET.

## LOVE--HUMAN AND DIVINE.

I BELIEVE in love—in devoted, enduring, extinguishable love. I believe in attachments which know no variation except from hope to despondency. I believe in tenderness, unintermittent through years of trial; in truth, unbroken through years of temptation. I believe, in short, in affection which, though circumstances may diminish, time itself can never subdue! But, happily, perhaps, for human nature in general, melancholy passions can exist only in a few, a very few minds. The mass of men are but little acted upon by those subtle influences which the philosophic Dante tells us—

*“Lead the will to desperate undertakings  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That doth afflict our natures.”*

Love—the mystery of mysteries! yet which Rochefoucault says is “nearly allied to hate.” Love—the inexplicable! whose power men mock at by painting him as an infant. In the depth of every heart is cherished an *ideality of expectation*, which heps clothes in the brightest tints of reality, and yearningly quickens into life. But will the ideal always suffice? There is a voice ever calling in the heart which will not be hushed, and its language is like Coleridge’s interpretation of bird-song—“Love! Love! Love!”—and it asks for a “local habitation” as well as “a name.” It is not content to dwell even in its own wild home, but goeth forth, like Noah’s dove, to seek a resting place in some congenial breast. Love coo’eth by distance! Ah! how oft made more vivid when absence drives it from the heart to the imagination, and memory kindles the embers that were almost expiring! Love! How consuming, when the pulses of a warm heart count the days and even years of existence as mere minutes! Love! How soul-satisfying, when matured by time, wisdom and probation! Love! Lost we know not how, and yet, perhaps, not more inexplicable than how at first obtained. Love! Which neither time, nor distance, nor fault, nor foible, nor frailty, nor even crime can dissolve. Love! That a whisper scatters, a word cancels, yet the end, the aim and desire of existence—without which, life hath no beauty, and death itself were a blessing. Love—lead, buried and forgotten! Love—re-created, new-risen, immeasurable as Heaven itself! Thou elixir of life to those who enjoy, and prison of peace to those who have lost thee! Fiend! Angel! Who

can tell thy value? Who courts thee not, and yet who appreciates? Who will answer?

*“Love divine, all love excelling!”*

But Oh! if such can be our glowing belief in that subtle passion which God hath implanted in our hearts, what words can breathe, what language can depict, the glory, the unutterable rapture, of Love Divine! Worship with all thy faculties, O mortal!—there is no fear thy I-dol will fall from its high place. Love with all thy soul!—there can be no disappointment, no soul-crushing cruelty, to throw that wealth of affection coldly back upon a breaking heart. Praise with all thy power!—language will fail thee in bestowing words on all thou should’st feel for Him who sitteth on the Great White Throne in the heavens and calleth earth His footstool. Come, ye whose hearts are scorched, whose hopes are blasted; for its affections and expectations were based upon this perishable world. Come, thirsty soul that art dying of desolation; there is a fount whence all can drink, balm for the wounded spirit, rest for the weary heart “by green pastures and beside the still waters.” Oh! believe there is naught soul-satisfying here below! Our Maker!—who hath bestowed upon us, for usefulness and enjoyment, thy own beautiful world—who hath made its sunshine and its flowers—who hath created its loveliness and magnificence, and who orderest all its vicissitudes and revolutions—we praise Thy holy name! Our Father!—who hath opened in our hearts the mysterious well-spring of ceaseless affection—the love of country, of home, of virtue, of kindred—and hath hidden in its inmost depths a passion far exceeding these—Thou who art a so’ace to the fatherless and widow—Thou who forgetteth not aught Thou hast created—for these and all Thy many blessings, we glory Thee! Our God!—who, in Thy divine omnipotence, hath permitted us to enjoy the blessing of Thy holy love—who hath made man the crown of Thy works and the living temple wherein Thou art worshipped—God!—who doth condescend to remember the meanest of Thy creatures—Oh! awaken our hearts to the wide wealth of Thy greatness, and, whenever the soul Thou hast created pineth for affection, with the yearnings Thou hast implanted within its depths, teach, Oh! teach it to remember the only living truth and real glory—*“God is love!”*

C. R.

## FOR THE CASKET.

## WOMAN AND MATHEMATICS.

WE take it for granted that all who are acquainted with the popular prejudices of the day are aware that ladies are considered by the other sex very deficient in mathematical talent. Our worthy Principal, however, remarkable for his sound judgment in all his decisions, takes another view of the subject, and determines to ascertain by actual experiment whether or not the young ladies of the Chowan Institute can become familiar with the abstruse principles of mathematical science by a proper course of instruction. Accordingly, a teacher, particularly distinguished in this branch of knowledge, is selected. The pupils, delighted to divest themselves of the stigma above alluded to and which they are not at all willing to bear, apply themselves earnestly to the difficult task of appreciating *Euchid*. Diligently they study for the space of four hours each *succeeding* day; but, strange to say, when asked the object of mathematical reasoning, they reply, Numbers and figures, or give some no less wide-of-the-mark answer. The teacher is faithful in the discharge of her duty, and endeavors again and again to explain apparent mysteries, until health, animation and finally even power of utterance fail. Yet, at the end of the prescribed time, her pupils have not made the desired attainments. Still, why minus into minus produces plus, is to them a question dark as Erebus. The Principal is at a loss to account for the partial failure, and regrets that in so good a cause his respected colleague should have lost her speech. But, remarkable for perseverance, he is not yet willing to abandon his project. After much deliberation, he decides that the defect may be remedied by the instruction of a Professor with full powers of voice, whose mathematical talent is as extraordinary as that of the young ladies is defective. Consequently, the year 1854 finds precisely such a Professor duly installed in his office in the Institute for the accomplishment of the desired object. And now, instead of *one* black-board, the horrid things occupy a large portion of the walls of each recitation room—standing proofs of the anxiety of the teachers to have their pupils become accomplished mathematicians. Encouraged by the assurance of

success, the students again apply themselves to their work with renewed zeal. Those who before thought they could not devote more than *four* hours each day to this one branch of study, now manage to double the time. The Professor again and again explains the abstruse principles of the science until (we were going to say) his *patience* fails—but that would be impossible. Nor is his instruction of an inferior order. He does not, as is ordinarily the case, confine himself to the examples given in text-books; but, laying these aside, proposes original ones involving still more important matter and abstruse principles. He has even gone so far as to impose on his pupils the most difficult geometrical problems for solution. But, notwithstanding, all this superior instruction, there are, alas! many failures. While one is delighted to put forth such praiseworthy effort, another finds it above the reach of her limited capacities, and regrets the loss of half a day spent to no purpose in endeavors to solve one problem. She sighs as she thinks how much more profitably she might have spent her time in learning a French or Latin lesson, which she can sometimes recite quite fluently. As to the *understanding* of these lessons, we say nothing.

The undaunted Professor is not at all shaken in his previous opinion, but rather confirmed in it. He thinks triumphantly of the exceptions to these failures. He knows some of his pupils have solved the most difficult problems propounded to them so correctly that they have passed even *his* rigid criticism without a single correction. Certainly, this is more than any of the female sex have ever been known to do before. The scholastic year is not more than half passed, and, when it shall have expired, we think, with a continuance of the same *superior* instruction and *uncooled* application, our Alma Mater will be able to point to some of her daughters as maxima exemplars not only to her own, but even to those of the other sex who would excel in the most difficult department of science. Henceforth, then, let it be acknowledged not only that Woman has a fibre more in the heart than man, but that she has also as many cells in the brain.

E. L. C.

## FOR THE CASKET.

## REMINISCENCE OF A SCHOOL GIRL.

ONE of the first things that were announced to me on my arrival at the Institute was that a *Composition* would be required of each young lady weekly. For two months the enjoyment of my Saturday recreations was unalloyed, save when the thought of this bane of all school girls' happiness flitted across my mental vision as a shadowy cloud over the sunny face of an April morning. But, hoping perhaps this impending duty might be suspended so far above

my reach that I might pass from its shadow before it fell, my buoyant spirits rebounded from this inomentary touch of sadness, and my enjoyment was brightened by the contrast of the preceding darkness.

Alas! these shadows have now become sad realities; for, on one dark day in the history of the past, it was proclaimed from the rostra, with solemn tone and accent, that this duty was now to be performed: and it was rendered more

formidable, as we were left in doubt as to whose criticisms our essays were to be subjected. Immediately, all my instructors were presented to my mind's eye in trying to discover of whose class I would prefer to become a member. First, our learned and dignified Principal—but certainly I could never submit a composition of mine to his scrutinizing inspection. From him I turned with almost a shudder to the *Reverend* gentlemen—but soon, discovered, much to my sorrow, that I was too little of a moralist to expect any mercy from them. Then, there is our Professor of the Natural Sciences—but, with my limited knowledge of the laws which govern the natural world, how could I expect him to overlook my gross errors with any degree of allowance? Almost in despair, I turned from these to my female teachers, hoping to find there some encouragement. First, our intellectual teacher of Modern Languages, and also well skilled in the Fine Arts, who, though always so kind, yet I was sure to her one of *my* essays would appear devoid of any depth of ideas. I feel with regard to her as a tiny child who stands by the rustic bridge and wishes to

pluck the bright cluster of butter-cups on the opposite side of the brook, yet fears to venture. Then, our animated mistress of the Primary Department—but she would exclaim, even before getting through with the first page—"How dull and prosy this is! I wonder how she could spin out so much without sometimes introducing a witty thought!" And the outline of my mental pictures could not be executed with the beauty and skill, to say nothing of the dissimilarity between them and the original, to interest our gentle teacher of the Ornamental Branches. And my arguments, if I ventured upon such things, I knew would be too frivolous for the concise and clear reasoning of our instructress in Mathematics. Then I sighed and looked around upon these eight hills of difficulty. I knew not which I dared attempt to ascend. So I waited and mused, and, though many bright days have passed since then, this one sad reminiscence often occurs to my mind, tinging the sunlight with a shade of gloom; and I sigh as I exclaim—Alas! But for compositions, the life of a school girl would be one of uninterrupted sunshine.

L. B. 2077

## FOR THE CASKET.

## CHANGE.

As the smallest drop that falls upon the surface infuses itself by an imperceptible process among the various particles of matter, so change, by a process so gradual that we mark not its influence, a process so simple that we heed not its intrusion, advances with unerring step, instils itself into our very being, and mars the beautiful harmony of nature around us. Every day's experience gives us but too evident proof that change is constant. All animated intelligences bear witness to its power. All material substances own its sway and are subject to its influence. Change! Would you doubt its power? Glance for a moment at nature. Can we not question its constancy? Take the seasons. Mark sunny, smiling, beautiful Spring, bearing on its light pinions life and happiness. Its vernal breezes are redolent with sweet perfume; its groves are alive with melodious melody—joy and gladness meet the eye on every side; but it is fading, and Summer, with its warm south winds and long hours, creeps on apace. Again a change, and Autumn, with colored woodlands, advances. But those hues, too, bear marks of decay—those splendid tints are dying—and Autumn's last wail is lost in Winter's chilling breath.

Thus is it with man's life—one continued scene of change. His infancy may rightly be compared to beautiful Spring, so quickly does it pass. He arrives at the age of maturity. Every thought is happiness; every dream seems realized. His is indeed a Summer of unalloyed pleasure. Again, in the tissue of life, we observe a slight shade of autumnal hues. These, too, fade away; and thus it continues, until all that is bright and beautiful is destroyed by the chilling blasts of Winter.

The friends of our youth! How often do these change with our changing circumstances, become cold and forgetful when sickness or sorrow dims the eye with tears. So, too, of what seems more enduring. We find the earth itself has in some respects changed its form. By some mighty convulsion, high mountains have been projected above the surface, islands have been raised from the mighty deep, and large cities have sunk beneath its waters. Still, amid this world of change and vicissitude, there is *One who* changes not—One to whom we may go in every trial, call upon in every difficulty, and find Him still immutable; for "with Him is no variableness nor shadow of turning."

A. O. Lee

## FOR THE CASKET.

## WOMAN.

The world's history, from the most remote period, furnishes a record of the noble deeds and attainments of *man*. The political page is

crowded with the feats of warriors, patriots and kings. The literary tome teems with eulogies on the beauty and simplicity of Virgil, the force



and luxuriance of Horace and Livy, and the eloquence of Cicero, while the moral page is illuminated by the noble acts of the bright philanthropic lights of the past. But whither shall we look for an account of woman's deeds? As a sword in its sheath, they are concealed. Yet, is woman that weak and insignificant creature that the prevalent opinion has generally pronounced her to be? Has the all-wise and omnipotent Deity created her a responsible being and yet failed to bestow upon her the moral and intellectual power which is necessary for the accomplishment of what is required at her hands? Such an opinion is inconsistent with the dictates of right reason. It comes in direct collision with the plain doctrines of Revelation, and is repugnant to the attributes of the Most High. Woman! the times and the spirit of the age bid you exert your energies—act well your part—do the work that you are incapacitated to perform, and disprove the fallacious opinion.

Admit that woman is weak and fragile; that she is peculiarly subject to physical debility and sorrow: shall we suppose that for these reasons she is incapacitated for usefulness? No! As the pliant aspen, whose boughs quiver at the touch of the slightest zephyr, often survives the raging storm which eradicates the rugged oak, so the timid female, who bows low under adversity, oft-times surmounts the obstacles under which the sterner heart is crushed. It is true that woman's sphere of action is in some respects limited. She goes not to the ballot-box to vote; her voice is not heard in the Senate halls; there is no seat assigned her in the courts of justice; she may not mount the warrior's steed and meet the opposing foe; her hand is too puny to raise the heavy ax and lay low the lofty tree of the forest—but she *can* do much that is as commendable and more necessary to the happiness of society. It is admitted by all that it is her's to watch over the slumbers of infancy, and to perform all the sacred duties of home; that, by her benign presence, that spot is rendered *attractive*, and, without it, is converted into a cheerless scene, and oftentimes into one of dissipation and woe. It is granted, too, that females, generally, have the ability to learn the mere *rudiments* of science. We assert that there have been instances in which they have advanced a *little* farther. The obscure paths of Natural Science have been scanned by female intellect. The principles of this Science have in *some* instances been understood by woman, and some slight discoveries have also been made by her, throwing light on what before was shrouded in mystery. She has even been known to advance so far up the lofty hill of Science as to extend her gaze to the celestial host, unravel the mysteries of the planetary system, and understand the laws by which the universe is regulated.

We do admit that the literary productions of woman are few and narrowly disseminated, compared with the teeming volumes with which proud man has deluged the land; but we do *not* admit that she has not the ability to compose ably, or that what she has produced is of an inferior order. Is it not true that some of

the literary productions of woman sparkle as brightly as do those of masculine genius? You may contrast the writings of Hannah Moore with those even of the sublime Milton; and yet the beauties of the former will not be entirely eclipsed. Man may boast of *his* hero, Bonaparte; but woman, at the same time, smiles in the encouraging thought that his manly courage shook even to the very foundation under the influence of a Madam De Staël.

What if woman's attainments in literature are comparatively few? It must be remembered that the time spent by her in literary pursuits is also limited. Besides, is a *true* woman solicitous to bring every production of her's, which might meet with approbation, to the public gaze? No. Modest as the violet, she shrinks from the very idea of giving publicity to her written productions.

The slow progress of woman in Mathematical Science is frequently alleged as a proof that she is either destitute of the reasoning faculty, or possesses it in a limited degree. Perhaps, when the same amount of attention is paid to this branch of education by both sexes, the progress of both will be equal. Intellectual and Moral Science require the exercise of reason as well as mathematics; and woman, in the acquisition of a knowledge of these, is allowed to be expeditious. Thus we see that it is not proved that she is destitute of reasoning powers, but, rather, that she prefers them to flow in a less abstruse and more pleasing channel.

Woman's moral influence is weighty and forcible. True, her discourses are not heard from the pulpit or public stand; but, as the fragrant tube-rose is most lovely and sheds its sweetest perfume when in its own secluded vale, so woman accomplishes most good in her own quiet, unobtrusive sphere. The most noble sentiments are often instilled into the mind by her, in the retirement of home, during the period of youth. She can and does seek out the humble and neglected and minister to their necessities. No other hand so gently raises the cool draught to the parched lips, or smooths so tenderly the sufferer's couch, as her's. She also, in part, gives tone and character to the institutions of the day. The noble and extensive field of Missions, too, lies within her sphere. In this field she may labor with the happy consciousness of being instrumental in turning the erring and lost from the road of death to the way of life and peace. Noble work! one that an archangel might rejoice to perform! Our Alma Mater justly boasts of one daughter who has consecrated herself to this sublime work. May her spirit pervade the hearts of those that remain. Let us bear in mind that woman's *responsibility* is in proportion to her moral and intellectual capabilities. While we can justly boast of her capacity, we have to confess that her obligations have not always been met. Youth are admonished to improve well the present, lest, at a more mature age, they may desire to participate with those who are luxuriating in the mental banquet of a finished education, but too late. The voice of Revelation, too, gently chiding, urges them to make their peace with their Maker, lest, when they may desire to repose under the

wide-spreading branches of the Tree of Life, truly pious can find peace beneath its shade. conscience should tell them that none but the

E. L. 22

#### FOR THE CASKET.

### FASHION.

A POPULAR writer of the present day, in recommending to young ladies the study of botany, remarks: "It is very important to the cause of any science that it should be considered *fashionable*." Now, this discriminating observation clearly proves that this lady's fondness for the many-tinted leaves of Flora's ample volume has not prevented her studying the book of human nature.

Dame Fashion is an imperious mistress (to quote an oft-repeated, but not on that account less truthful, maxim), and her mandates are often obeyed when prudence and common sense and all such obsolete things are of no avail. It is generally conceded that the ladies are more under the control of her fickle Ladyship than the self-styled "Lords of creation." Whether this is true, it would not, perhaps, be considered becoming in us to attempt to determine. We are quite willing that those self-same "Lords" should complacently suppose we consider them far removed from the frailties of us weaker things—that they should flatter themselves we think they "stand on an eminence, and glory covers them," far above the influence of those things which make up our little world. Nevertheless, we have our own private opinion on this subject. But, to say nothing of the gentlemen on this occasion, we think it needs little argument to prove that the ladies are almost universally under the sway of the inexorable goddess, Fashion.

Most ladies (as everybody knows) think the poet made a great mistake when he penned the oft-quoted assertion, "Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament." Hence, they call in all sorts of "foreign aid" to improve the charms which nature has given them, or to atone for the absence of those which she has denied. But, in doing this, the question is not "What is becoming?" or (what some unpoetical husbands might think even still more important) "What is the state of the finances?" but "What is the *fashion*?" Consequently, the short and the tall, the lily-white and the brunette, the grave and the gay, the pointing damsel of sixteen and she whose ripper years should teach her wisdom, all alike adopt a certain style of dress, a certain set of colors, &c., with a pertinacity that puts the Loves and Graces all to flight, and gives a skillful painter "the blues." But *Fashion* rules, and Taste pleads, and Painters frown in vain.

So, too, in those lighter occupations by which ladies strive to "tip with feathers the leaden wings of time," *Fashion* bears sway. At one time, she raises her wand and proclaims "head-work" to be the proper pastime. Suddenly, all things sink into insignificance, save steel-heads,

steel-rings, steel-purses, &c. The lady then sits as much absorbed in the glittering fabric growing rapidly under the dexterous movements of her taper fingers as if she were weaving the web of her own destiny, and each glittering bead were the realization of some one of her bright, golden day-dreams. The furniture, meanwhile, remains undusted, the books in disorder—everything, indeed, betokening an elegant indifference to neatness; and it is only when the devotee to crochet and silk fears lest her fingers should freeze fast to her handiwork that she realizes the fire has gone out.

Then, again, *Fashion* declares *worsted-work* to be the only suitable employment for the leisure hours of her votaries. Now, how lamp-mats and ottomans, cushions and slippers, screens and watch-cases, piano-covers and table-spreads are multiplied! One now would think a lady's eyes were given her for no other purpose than to distinguish between the lights and shades of the many-colored worsteds that are hourly presented to their discriminating powers. The colors even of the beautiful bow spanning the heavens seem dull to the weaver of worsteds, unless, perchance, they remind her of a certain shade needed to finish some specimen of her art as yet incomplete. Perhaps, a gentleman calls in the evening to wile away an hour in the company of the fair one. She receives him with her blindest smile, but is soon absorbed in selecting a color to complete the antler of some hapless deer that has been wounded in the chase, and whose tragic fate is to be chronicled on the lady's ottoman. The gentleman, after many unsuccessful efforts to introduce some pleasant topic of conversation, pushes aside the variegated burden that reposes on the center-table, takes up a book almost concealed by many-colored "zephyr," and tries to make a few pages vocal for the entertainment of his elegant hostess. She, meanwhile, counts to herself, "One white, two green," &c., gets the wrong color, frowns and exclaims, "How provoking!"—then, recovering herself, tries to look sympathetic, and lips out pathetically, "Pray excuse me, sir. What was Willis saying about Absalom?" The gentleman grows listless, and soon bows himself out of the sight, if not of the memory, of the votary of zephyr and tapestry.

Nor is Dame Fashion content with presiding over the toilette and directing the pursuits of her devotees. Their *manners*, too, are subject to her caprices. At one time, the bold, confident air and manner must be adopted. Now, ladies must be independent; must appear on all occasions able to take care of themselves, and let it be seen that they think it beneath them to be



always leaning on another for support. No, in lee!! Why should not the slender but enduring vine raise itself *proudly* up, and let the strong oak, to which it has too trustingly clung, see that it can aid itself and get along very well alone? So, now, the ladies ride alone, walk alone, serenade the gentlemen, and unblushingly avail themselves of many more such privileges. Then, again, all this is to be laid aside, for Mistress Fashion now asserts that the *timid, confining, gentle* manner is the most becoming. Suddenly, all the bold, careless, assuming young damsels are converted into whispering nymphs, timid as fawns; "blushing at the praise of their own loveliness"; shrinking from the gaze of admiration; trembling like the aspen at the approach of the bold intruder, &c. Now, if a gentleman calls at a house where one of these coy nymphs dwells, she remains in an ante-room, adjusting her curls, clasping and unclasping her bracelet, &c., but by no means venturing into his presence until specially called for, lest she should be deemed *intrusive*. Or, if she happens to be seated in the parlor when he enters, and he extends his hand in token of friendly recognition, she slowly rises and condescendingly allows him to touch the tips of her delicate fingers, lest a more cordial greeting should induce him to think himself a welcome visitor. The gentleman attributes the coldness of his reception to womanly reserve (of course), and as a common act of courtesy asks the modest lass if he shall do himself the honor to accompany her to the next evening lecture. Instead of a frank "Thank-you, sir," or a polite declination, the timid young lady looks sentimental, tries to blush, says something unintelligible about consulting her mother, and confidentially retires to ask her sister if she will go with her. We leave the gentleman to his own reflections, while we notice a few other of Dame Fashion's freaks.

How many little points of etiquette are constantly varying to suit the caprices of her fickle Ladyship! What is polite and well-bred to-day, to-morrow may be decidedly vulgar. Now, it is "*comme il faut*" to introduce those whom chance may assemble in your drawing room. Anon, the elegant lady of the mansion trembles lest the country cousin who is "*staying with her*" should perpetrate the atrocity of making those acquainted with each other who have met for an evening at her house. Not only in the parlor, but also in the street, Madam Fashion rules. Now, when a young lady meets a gentleman, she must (as well becomes her) preserve a modest silence, only by her looks encouraging him (if she sees fit so to do) to be the first to indicate a recognition. But suddenly the tables are turned, and, when she sees a *petit-maitre* approaching, instead of bridling her head and assuming an expression which would say as plainly as words, "I never *will* speak first," the silly thing lisps out, "Good morning, sir," which rouses him from a meditation on his own exquisite attractions, and but for which he would have passed her unobserved: and all for the very wise reason that it is the "Fashion" now for ladies to speak first. O tempora! O mores!

But, all at once, all these trifling things are merged in the one great prevailing fashion of the present time. Do you ask what it is, gentle reader? Why, it is the *Fashion* now for ladies to be literary. Societies are formed to promote a literary taste among the fair. Ladies now lay aside their crochet and embroidery to write essays and prepare articles for the periodicals. Learned divines and grave professors are invited to listen to their weighty productions. Embroidery, indeed!—how silly! Bead-work—contemptible! House-keeping—one of the follies of by-gone days! Books, books, books! How we pity the toil-worn man of science and letters who hopes to smooth his brow and relax his mind by a little pleasant chit-chat with that sweetener of life's dull care—a good-natured, cheerful woman! "What have you *recently*, sir?" "What is going on in the literary world?" The gentleman speaks of the Mother's Journal, Graham and the Missionary Magazine. The lady thinks these quite valuable productions, but, being a decided "blue," or wishing to be thought so, she soon soars into the upper regions of intellectuality. "Do you not think Moore's Farewell to his Wife very pathetic, sir?" "How do you like 'Byron's Grey Forest Eagle'?" "Do you think Wayland's Essays on Decision of Character his *chef d'œuvre*?" The poor bewildered son of science suddenly recollects some *previous engagement* and retreats during the first pause, silently ejaculating, May the fates save us from a literary woman!

Then comes the rage for the poetical. O! Shades of the tuneful Nine! This is the worst of all. Now, every lady thinks her imagination, if she has one (and if she has not, it is all the same), is a winged Pegasus, on which she may soar to the third heaven of sentiment and poetry. You ask a plain question, and expect a plain, common-sense answer; instead of which, you must listen to something about Arcadian dews or Parnassian flowers. Now, a lady cannot hear the wind whistle or see the rain fall without indulging in a poetical rhapsody. She spends the days in writing acrostics and the nights in apostrophizing the moon. She turns over the pages of *Paradise Lost*, hoping to find something sublime enough to quote in her poetical flights; for, having ascertained that she can make a few lines rhyme, she never doubts her ability to breathe in numbers and win the choicest favors of the muse. "Yes," she exclaims in her moments of inspiration, "Percival was right; 'the world is full of poetry,' and I must find it. Be propitious, O! moon, and ye stars," &c. We should not wonder if some tenth muse were to be found some day trying to weave a poetic wreath in that least of all poetical places—a school-room; endeavoring to extract some of the poetry, which Percival says is so generally diffused, out of a worn-out algebra; imagining the black-board a mirror reflecting poetical images; the slates shining tablets, and the pencils diamond points with which to inscribe on them "pleasant memories of pleasant things." O, shades of the muses! O, fashion—vexorable goddess! O, consistency—jewel whose brilliancy is so often obscured! O,

common sense—now so uncommon! All of ye when it will be the fashion for ladies to be conspire and hasten, O! hasten the time reasonable.

FOR THE CASKET.

## FACT AND FANCY.

THERE is a world without us, and a world within us. A world of Fact, and a world of Fancy. A world replete with tangible realities, thronged with busy, bustling forms, and echoing with the ceaseless din of animate existence; and a world of light and loveliness, which bursts upon the Poet's vision, as he sits absorbed in reverie—his kindling soul dilating with the glimpses which he catches of its bright, though far-off beauties. Its fairy phantoms and chameleon hues, in quick succession, flit before him like the shifting scenes of the painter's panorama. "Its clond-capt towers and gorgeous palaces" are bathed in the sunlight of perennial spring, while

*"Its earth is robed in a greener hue,  
And its sky is tinged with a deeper blue,"*

than the visible, the actual, can anywhere present. We know there are those who decry imagination, and denominate its votaries but idle and enthusiastic dreamers, who waste the precious moments of existence in the futile chase of false and fleeting shadows, while they disregard the higher and holier purposes of life. We are not of their number, we confess; nor would we willingly subscribe to a sentiment that does dishonor to the memory of many of the noblest names that grace the annals of the world. We are endowed by our Creator with capacities alike for action and conception.—Both have their own appropriate spheres, and should not be neglected or allowed to be inactive. We find ourselves in a world of Fact, and in it we must live and die. In it we must carve our names and consummate our destinies. A thousand considerations prompt us to action. The sorrowing and suffering are pining and perishing everywhere around us. Humanity demands our efforts in behalf of the degraded and enthralled. And when we remember that this is but a probationary state—the vestibule of immortality—that these deeds which are taking place around us wake responsive echoes in eternity—the motives to action become transcendently important. But should we thence be induced to disparage a faculty which God

himself has given us, whose proper and appropriate sphere is in the realm of Fancy? We speak not now of that morbid sort of sickly sentimentality which exhausts its shallow sympathies upon imaginary woes, and lives and languishes alone amid the creatures of romance; but of that vigorous and healthful exercise of the imagination which refines the feelings, expands the intellect, and purifies the heart; which rises superior to the present and past, and grasps the ideal, the beautiful, the good. It is a trite remark, it is true, but one as true as it is trite, that we are the arbiters of our individual fortunes; and often does the plastic mould of Fancy fashion and fix the fate of the future. Who of us is there that does not, occasionally at least, indulge the Fancy with vague and misty shadowings of the destiny awaiting us? We strive to penetrate the dark, impervious veil which hangs about the future, till imagination, tortured by suspense, and impatient of delay, snatches the pencil of hope and dashes the denouement on the canvas—robed in the radiant rainbow tints which youth's fond fancy loves to paint. Anon, may be, the curtain rises, and the gilded picture vanishes, revealing to our view, instead, a direful catastrophe. Imagination yields at length to sober, stern reality; yet, even then, we should be grateful for the temporary solace which its exercise afforded us.

But there is yet a higher office which this faculty subserves. We are, as it were, in immediate communication with an unseen world—the "Spirit Land." The voiceless forms of ministering angels, sent from above on errands of mercy, hover round us, and from the clouds bend earnest eyes upon us. The soul, escaping from its prison house of clay, will sometimes cleave the blue concave and hold communion with these heavenly visitants, or, mounting higher, scale the throne of the Eternal One and bask in the sunlight of the presence of the Deity. Such is properly the province of imagination; as such, let us cultivate and cherish it.

FOR THE CASKET.

*"I love to see the eye moisten, and the color change, while on the lip lingers that sweet word—  
MOTHER."*

Yes, mother is a sweet and holy word, and whose is the heart that has not felt its influence? How the pure joys of infancy all cluster around that one word! What is it oft-times calls up the sunny smile to chase away the half-formed tear glistening in the eye of the almost

unconscious babe? The mother's voice falls on its ear—the fount of pleasant things is stirred, and the smile wreathing the lips is only the ripple on the pure waters of the infant's fount of joy; and when those rosy lips learn for themselves to breathe that hallowed word, then delight opens up in the soul a new fountain of bliss. Nor is the magic influence lingering around that word dissolved when age, with its chancel hopes and feelings all subdued, comes stealing on. O, no. Then, memory oft-times passes by the words of strife or of hollow form with which the past is filled, and nestles lovingly down on that one sweet word, mother. Oh! how green a spot does that word form amid the withered hopes of the past!—like a bright star shining amid surrounding gloom, or the fragrant flower blooming on some desert wild. Yes, mother is the first word the infant lips essay to speak, and it is often the last that lingers tremblingly on those lips ere they join in singing the Hallelujahs of Heaven.

When, in our seasons of gladness, the rosy hours steal noiselessly along, if the word mother falls on the ear, the pulse of joy thrills with new delight, for we know that mother's whole soul is gladdened by the bright beams of the sun of our prosperity; and when that sun goes down, when stern grief steals away the bosom's lightsomeness, then is the word mother a talisman to the crushed spirits, for we know that mother's tears will mingle with our own, as she will bid us look through our tears on the future, and see it arrayed in colors bright and beautiful as are the rainbow's tints. Mother! All, all have felt its soul-subduing power. Even the profligate, in his mad career, is not insensible to its mild, constraining influence. His ear may seem deaf to the voice of truth and virtue, but let the word mother fall on that palsied ear, and it melts its way to the heart which guilt had rendered almost callous. See the votary of ambition, who is winning his way up the steep and slippery ascent of fame. Why, amid his turbulent and fluctuating pleasures, does he sometimes sigh and pause awhile to muse upon their emptiness? Memory is busy with the past. She has, as it were, placed the word mother on his aspiring heart, bidding him yield to purer and holier impulses. The patriot, too, who labors for his country's good, forgets for awhile the toils and cares of State as the word mother is brought home to his bosom, and he repairs to the domestic hearth, where that mother is the presiding genius, to lose, amid the genial influences of that hallowed shrine, the remembrance of his important but harassing duties. The aspirant to literary honors! Has not the word mother its soothing and stimulating influence upon him? Oh! yes. He thinks of the gentle being who guided his wayward footsteps, and sowed in his youthful mind the seeds of truth and virtue. And now he thinks

how fondly, and how proudly, too, that mother will look upon her own loved boy when he shall bear away the prize of literature and science nobly won. The gems which he extracts from the mind of knowledge sparkle more brightly to him when he thinks how that mother will rejoice in their lustre. The flowers he culls from the fair fields of poetic art are more fragrant, for he knows she will admire their beauty; and when, at last, he binds about his brow the chaplet awarded to superior genius and talent, he seems to feel his mother's soft hand amid its leaves, and the tear of gratified ambition sparkling in the eye of that mother is dearer to him than all the heartless admiration of the flattering crowd. But to none is the word mother half so sacred and so sweet as to the maiden, the daughter, who has always pillowed her head on the sympathizing bosom of that mother, and found it her safest and happiest resting place. On her ear, amid life's trying cares, the word mother falls as does the rain-drop on the withered flower; or as the sound of rippling waters on the parched traveler's ear. How often does her memory dwell with delight on childhood's halcyon days, when a mother's smile first gladdened her infant heart, a mother's hand guided her tottering footsteps, and a mother's voice taught her lisping tongue the accents of prayer. How gladly does she still repair to that same mother in sorrow and in joy, and rejoice to find the wings of maternal love spread over her as if to shield her from every ill. And even when she stands a glad, happy bride at the altar,

*“When the hand she has pledged is confidently given,  
And low murmured accents recorded in heaven,”*  
even then, why do the orange buds on her brow tremble, and the tear (which, for his sake who stands beside her, she has tried, though vainly, to repress) glisten in her eye? Mother! Oh! that word, linked with the bitter word separation, has reached the hidden fount of grief, and stirred its trembling waters; or, it may be, the golden chain is touched which binds her heart to a mother garnered up in heaven.—Yes! That one cherished word, mother, mingles with all that we enjoy on earth, and is blended with all that we hope for in heaven. How talismanic is its influence! How soothingly it finds its way to the heart when all other words have lost their power to charm! How we love to enshrine that word in the “innermost shrine of the heart!” What a bright and sunny spot it forms, on which, when all besides is dark, delighted recollection loves to dwell! Mother! Oh! 'tis the shrine of pleasant thoughts. The nucleus around which cluster our purest and holiest recollections. The casket enshrining our brightest earthly joys, and hope's guiding star hring us on to brighter and more enduring bliss in heaven.

FOR THE CASKET.

## MY SOUTHERN HOME.

FAR, far away, down in the dark green woods that border the placid Alabama, is the home of my infancy. There the tall magnolia spreads its glittering leaves to the noonday sun, and its fragrant flowers exhale their sweets, to welcome the weary traveler—fit emblems of the hospitality of the warm-hearted dwellers of the South, whose tears ever flow at the tale of distress, and whose doors are ever open to shelter the care-worn and weary.

In a quiet, shady nook, screened by gently-undulating hills, is a little moss-covered cottage, whose windows are half concealed by clustering vines of long-bellied honeysuckle and luxuriant rose. Close to the door flows a streamlet which seems to render the place a fit spot for fairies' charmed abode. Its murmur is ever heard; now cheerful as the matin song of the feathered warbler—now sinking to a scarce audible whisper, as the breeze plays lightly with the foliage on its verdant banks. There, armed with crooked pin and line, I have rambled in childhood's gayest hours, striving to entrap the little

fishes as they sported in the sunshine, or, with eager steps, I chased the gay butterfly, until, wearied with the pleasing toil, I sunk to rest in the waving grass.

When the moonbeams stream brightly down and the breezes, laden with the perfume of flowers, steal in through open doors and lattices, our cottage home is strikingly lovely. As the zephyrs gently sway the boughs of the trees, they throw graceful and ever-varying shadows on the verdant earth in their changing light and shade, resembling finely-wrought Mosaic.

Long years have passed since I wandered from my cherished home; but the remembrance of it is one of the brightest spots in the fadeless picture of the past. May the sun ever brightly shine on that green spot in my memory; the moon shed down upon it its softening light; the stars keep their watch above it as faithful sentinels; and, though all other places may seem lone and sad, long, long, fadeless and bright, will live in my heart of hearts the remembrance of my Alabama home.

V. S. LUCAS.

FOR THE CASKET.

## "THE WORLD IS FULL OF POETRY."

THIS was the glowing expression of one whose lips are steeped in Castalian dews—one whose whole being is so deeply imbued with the spirit of poeëie that the muses love to wreath his brow with their brightest garlands. His soul ever mirrors forth the images of pleasant things. He lives in the sunlight of his own creative fancy: and bright dreams of the fairy-land, in which he revels, have been given to the world, beautifully woven in song. He loves to hold communion with nature in all her varied forms, and to drink inspiration from her exhaustless fountain. And it was when his soul was filled with the enthusiasm with which she inspires her votaries that he uttered the exclamation, "The world is full of poetry."

And was it only the vivid imagination of the poet, clothing all things in brilliant but fictitious hues, that prompted the exclamation, or is the book of nature the volume on whose sibilant leaves is traced the brightest imagery?—Is not earth—blighted, it is true, but still beautiful—next to heaven, the purest source of the poet's inspiration? And though we may sigh in vain for the bowers of Eden in their primeval loveliness, is not the world still bathed in beauty—still enriched with the drapery of gladness and poetry? Oh, yes! It was not the more kindling of the poet's fancy. It was not merely that he had dipped his pen in the glowing hues of his own imagination, and then invested nature with bright but evanescent tints. Earth is indeed "a thing of beauty."

"The world is full of poetry." It still bears the impress of His hand who first formed it in all its pristine purity and beauty. And sometimes so pure, so beautiful does it seem, as it lies calmly bathed in sunlight, vocal with its own music, and redolent with its own fragrance, that the rapt soul looks "through Nature up to Nature's God." The passions are hushed to a holy stillness as if the Deity were again present, walking mid Nature's beauties as erst He did amid the amaranthine bowers of Paradise.—Then we rise on wings of faith above the poetry and beauty of earth, and the soul longs to bask in the brighter, purer poetry and bliss of heaven. Yes, "the world is full of poetry"—unwritten, but beautiful; or rather written—traced by the finger of Deity in fadeless characters on the face of Nature, and reflected in varied forms of light and beauty from her matchless mirror.

When the soul grows dim with the rust of care—when its tremulous chords vibrate to the touch of woe—when it shrinks instinctively from the coldness and selfishness of man—then how it longs to escape from contact with the rough realities of life and hold communion with the beautiful, the poetical of the outer world! And when the glad sunshine—the fragrant flowers—the murmuring streams, or the stars with their mild influence, beguile the heart of its sorrow, and its glad pulses again thrill with delight, how spontaneously does it respond to the poet's exclamation, "The world is full of



poetry!" Yes, there is poetry, heaven-descended and divine. Poetry delighting the senses, and entrancing the soul, traced on all the lineaments of Nature by His hand, who adorned earth with loveliness as a dwelling place for man, spreading over all the garniture of light and beauty. Spring, with its myriad forms of life, its expanding buds, its glittering cascades, its sunshine and its showers, has its poetry that all must love. Summer, too, garnished with green, with her diadem of flowers, her lengthened shadows and her peaceful twilight hours, is full of poetry. And pensive autumn! How we all love the poetry of autumn! The fall of its leaf—kindly telling us that even so hope's bright visions fade—its mellow tints, its fleecy clouds, its hushed stillness stealing so soothingly to the heart, and by its holy calmness bidding the soul point heavenward. Yes, autumn is "full of poetry." Stern winter, too, when December's snows wrap, as it were, the departing year in its winding-sheet, and December's winds sing its requiem, we feel that even winter, all unlovely as it seems, has its poetry.

Happy he who can appreciate the "world of the beautiful," that lies around him; who sees in the calm blue sky the emblem of mercy bending over a fallen world—on the painted rainbow the foot-prints of angels—on the fleecy clouds the domes of aerial worshippers—in flowers the poetry of earth, and in the stars the poetry of heaven. Thrice happy he who can weave around his own bright perception of beauty the graceful tinsel of a chaste imagination; and having knelt and worshipped at Nature's shrine, can rise and breathe forth her praise in strains of melody and song.

When the poet wakes to ecstasy the living lyre, and the sweetest notes tremble on its strings, whence is it, oft-times, he draws his inspiration? When the harp of a Hemans sends forth strains so sweet and thrilling that we almost fancy its chords tuned by an angel's hand and brushed by an angel's wing, it is of "the world in the open air" she sings. "Come while in freshness and dew it lies," she exclaims; and, as her *Æolian* strains fall upon the ear, the rapt soul responsively exclaims, "The world is full of poetry." And so, too, the lyre of a *Sigourney* breathes forth its simple but sweetest and most soothing numbers after the hand that touches it had been twining the woodbine around the windows of her own cottage home, or plucking the flowers, of which she so beautifully speaks when she found them leaving their silken petals on the Alpine snows. It was when her whole soul was full of the poetic of the outer world that she so imploringly exclaimed—

*"Oh! speak no ill of poetry,  
For 'tis a holy thing!"*

And Bryant, too!—the pure, the gifted, the loving!—our own Bryant! How he loves the poetry of Nature! Who does not admire his "Death of the Flowers"? How sweetly does

he sing their requiem! One of his purest, happiest lays was prompted by the flight of the migrating bird seeking a home in more genial climes. To Bryant, the gentle and the good, "the world," indeed, "is full of poetry." And in the bright garlands which the muses have woven so lightly and so gracefully around the brow of *Willis*, we see many a flower that the poet has plucked with skillful hand from Nature's blooming wreath. How apt are we to forgive, if not to forget, the frailties of Moore, when he dips his pen in the pure, almost holy, inspiration of Nature and sings of earth's fleeting joys—

*"So rainbows take their light away,  
And leave us but their tears;"*

or, when speaking of the clouds of even, he says—

*"And we can almost think we gaze  
Through opening vistas into heaven."*

Even the erratic *Byron*, bewildered amid the mazes of his false views and dazzled by the coruscations of his own genius, in his better moments touches his lyre with a gentler hand, and then "the land of the cypress and myrtle," Italy's cloudless skies and the placid waters of *Lemar's* lake are spread out before us by his magic touch. Young, when worshipping at the shrine of Night's sable goddess, called the spangled sky the "garden of Deity blossomed with stars"; and from that diamond-like garden the poet stole many a gem that sparkled in his own diadem of fame. Had not "the world" been "full of poetry," we should never have seen the paradisaical groves of *Eden* and its bowers, inwove with amaranth and gold, rising so magically beneath the touch of *Milton's* master hand.

We have said, "Happy he who can appreciate 'the world of the beautiful.'" Happier still he who, while his soul drinks in gladness from the beauties of Nature, can also "firt to heaven an unpresumptuous eye and smiling say, My Father made them all." Happy he who, while he admires the penciled flowers, reads on their blushing leaves the praises of Him "whose breath perfumes them and whose pencil paints," and to whom the stars seem like friendly lights hung out to guide him safely to his home on high. Happy he who, as the music of the murmuring stream falls on his ear, is reminded of the purer waters of the River of Life above, and who, while he watches the bubbles one after another dancing on the rippling surface of the wave and then disappearing forever, contrasts them with the fadeless joys of heaven. Happy he who, by the evanescent beauties of spring, is reminded of those plants which bloom perennial in the skies, and who, as he admires the mellow but fleeting hues of autumn's thousand dyes, loves to think of the foliage of that Tree of Life whose verdure is unfading. Oh! with what calm and holy joy does such an one anticipate the period when he hopes to exchange the poetry of earth for the purer, holier, better poetry and bliss of heaven! Ed.



FOR THE CASKET.

## WHAT SHADOWS WE ARE, WHAT SHADOWS WE PURSUE.

WHAT shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Our frames are mortal. They soon pass away and are forgotten. Our minds, though immortal and wonderful in their operations, are, when compared with our feeble conceptions of the Creator, even as naught. It is true, then, that we are but shadows, and our chief objects of interest are shadows too. A glance at the pages of history, or our own experience, will teach us this. Ambition proves our motto true. Napoleon found it so, but too late. Mark his career. Throughout Europe kingdoms were overthrown, monarchs led into captivity, princes laid low in the dust, and nations reduced to the utmost penury. Ruin and bloodshed characterized his reign. His ostensible object was to exalt France. But ambition nerved his arm. Napoleon in turn was imprisoned, exiled from the home of his birth, from his own kingdom!—the mighty conqueror of Europe, the thunder of whose cannon caused nations, vast and wide, to tremble. How fallen! On Helena's barren isle the Emperor is cast. The winds howl around his lonely habitation. The ocean's billows heave high over his rocky home. There was no kind hand to soothe his dying pillow—no loved voice to console him in the last hour. He dies far from home and country. We can but exclaim, What a shadow was Napoleon! France was benefited for a time, it is true; but is she not constantly thrown into a state of revolution? He conquered nations; they were wrested from his

grasp, and again resumed their independence. Then we must exclaim, What shadows he pursued! In our own experience we have found that all our plans which related exclusively to ourselves and the world have been frustrated, if not nipped in the bud. The results were more destructive to happiness than beneficial; they are but shadows, we know full well. How often has the youth, full of life, joy and hope, left his home to carve for himself a name and fortune in distant lands. His heart is deeply impressed with those high and holy principles which have been inculcated by a pious mother. He is resolved to continue in the path of rectitude, but his plans fail. Brooding over misfortune, he plunges into the grossest excess, striving to forget his sorrows. Vainly he seeks for happiness—drinks eagerly the bitter cup of pleasure, until he is lost, irretrievably lost; and then he exclaims, What a shadow I am, and what shadows have I pursued! Though we are in one sense mere shadows, there are pursuits which do not lead to naught, and leave us the dupes of our own folly. There is a home above the skies, the abode of our Father. That home is heaven—those pursuits, the joys of heaven. We can reach that home by obeying the commands of Him who dwells there. Let all the ends at which we aim be God's and truth's. Then we can say truly that though the form be but a shadow, the soul is substance, and our pursuits are glorious realities.

M. S. Neal

FOR THE CASKET.

## TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE CLASS IN THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

It is well for us, while pursuing the checked path of life, to pause, weigh well our privileges, and ask ourselves whether or not we have fulfilled the obligations resulting from them. We enjoy peculiar advantages. We are, to a great extent, removed from the cares and perplexities which are inseparable from the active duties of life. We are not, as are many, influenced to concentrate our affections and energies on the accumulation of mere earthly substance, regardless of the afflictions and necessities of others. Instead of the noxious literature by which so many minds are corrupted, we are supplied with books of a salutary character in an intellectual, moral and religious point of view. Our instructions in the languages are of a superior order. Natural and mathematical sciences are extensively taught; philosophy, intellectual and moral, receive due

attention. But we may be thoroughly instructed in all these, and yet be entirely ignorant on points of vital importance. It is true that the power, wisdom and benevolence of the Deity are clearly exhibited in every created thing; yet the world's history plainly teaches us that man (aided by reason alone) has, even under the most favorable circumstances, failed to form any just conceptions of his origin, the immortality of the soul, and the nature and certainty of a future state. The plan which has been devised by which the sinner may be pardoned and rendered a fit subject for the mansion of the blest is foreign to the human mind. It is the Bible—that intellectual, moral and religious gem which sparkles brighter than gold and emits rays more effulgent than any human production—that reveals to us the way of life. It is the Bible which distills those

sweet streams of consolation that refresh the troubled heart as the dew-drop does the drooping flower; which dispels doubts and fears: renders the death-bed one of serene repose, and illumines the pathway of the christian even through the dark valley. It is the Bible which reveals that plan by which the vilest may become as pure as the holiest archangel, and the illiterate be exalted to the privileges of the highest of spiritual intelligences. Is there any other book which contains truths so sublime, and is designed for so noble a purpose as this sacred volume? But how few appreciate its lessons! How many are disposed, instead of them; to receive the most absurd theories! Hence the importance of such a treatise as will disprove those fallacious speculations and place the doctrines of Divine Revelation in their true light.

The Evidences of Christianity is a work designed for this purpose. As regards the ability of him whose instructions we have been permitted to enjoy in this department of science, we need say nothing. A eulogy from so humble a source might be regarded as derogatory. But we may, with all deference, express our gratitude for the instruction that we have received. None have been discouraged by a harsh word or stern look. All have been animated and excited to diligence by a cheerful air and pleasant manner. Each recitation has been to us an intellectual, moral and spiritual feast. We have greeted the delightful hours as joyously as the wearied peasant, just from the sun-burnt field, greets the cooling shade at noon. We have enjoyed them no less than does the weary traveler the shady grove and bubbling fountain at mid-day. Our spirits have seemed to soar on swifter wings toward the celestial gate, and to catch more satisfactory glimpses of the heavenly city. Our text-book, as regards the important truths of which it treats, is invaluable. The canonical books of scripture are considered separately, and conclusive evidence is adduced in favor of the divine origin of each. The attention is directed to the leading doctrines of the Bible and the sublime system of morality which it inculcates.

The beauty and simplicity of its style are admirably illustrated. The sublime character of Christ and His apostles is delineated in an impressive manner. An account of many of the prophecies and their exact fulfillment are given in a manner that is calculated to produce a deep conviction of the agency of the Deity. The internal evidence, its important and conservative nature, are presented to the mind in a most pleasing form.

By such satisfactory evidence, the objections of atheists and deists are dissipated like the dew before the morning sun, and the mind is enabled to some extent to comprehend how it is that God can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly.

We now appeal to the young ladies composing this class—not as to the illiterate, but as to those who have long enjoyed the peculiar privileges of these classic halls, and whose minds are improved by superior instruction and holy example. Have you not, by the aid of these precious opportunities, attained intellectual and moral power sufficient for the accomplishment of much that is noble and productive of the happiness of mankind? Will you profit by the privileges you have enjoyed and render yourselves a blessing to society, or will you waste your golden moments in frivolous pursuits, consecrate your talents to unholy purposes, and subject yourselves to the indignation of the Most High? May the Supreme Judge forbid such perversion of talent! May you go forth bright intellectual, moral and religious lights, whose rays shall illumine many benighted minds—whose influence shall gather many precious souls into the garner of Christ. May we, Oh! privileged members of the class in Evidences of Christianity, and, indeed, all within these walls, unitedly experience the delightful consciousness that we are a blessing to others, and enjoy the precious hope that we shall soon walk the streets of the New Jerusalem, where the sacred truths which we have contemplated will beam upon us in all the brightness of perfect and eternal fruition!

E. E. L.

FOR THE CASKET.

## THE SABBATH.

'Tis Saturday evening. The sun is slowly setting upon the close of another week. Its various labors are ended, and all nature is preparing to sink in peaceful repose for the coming morrow. The laborer has ceased his work, and is returning to meet the happy smiles of his companion, who welcomes his return. All is tranquility and peace, for the morrow is the Sabbath—the day set apart for holy purposes by our Heavenly Father, when all should rest from their labors and return thanks for the many blessings which He has showered upon them. 'Tis the day when we should strive to

forget earth, let our thoughts wing their flight to heaven and dwell upon those things which change not and do not fade away. 'Tis the day when the aged and the young should unite their voices in praise to the Most High, and bow in humble submission to His will. 'Tis the day when the busy hum of earthly things should cease, and all should meet in the courts of God's house to worship His holy name. There may bow together the rich and the poor; there may friend mingle prayer with friend; there may the glad rejoice and the afflicted mourner pour out his soul—all to one common Father.

'Tis the day the christian loves; his mind then no longer burdened with the care of earthly perplexities, is free to contemplate the light of another world, the glories which invite him there, and blend his thoughts in sweet communion with his Heavenly Father. His strength

is renewed, his heart is made better, his love for holy things increased, and he offers thanks for this blessed day—this proof of God's love. Such is the approaching Sabbath—

*Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.*

V. W. O.

# FOR THE CASKET.

*"Prayer, ardent, opens heaven—  
Lets down a stream of glory  
On the consecrated hour  
Of man, in audience with the Deity."*

In a retired and lovely spot, far removed from dissipation's haunts and pleasure's giddy mazes, there stood a neat and humble dwelling-place, almost screened from the view of the passing observer by the thick foliage of the spreading trees in the midst of which it was embosomed. That was a sweet spot. There was little in the surrounding scenery to awaken emotions of sublimity; but, in whatever direction the eye turned, it rested upon something which held the beholder fixed in admiration. It was one of Nature's favorite retreats, which it would seem she had delighted to embellish, and where she had been most lavish of her charms; or, rather, it was one of those scenes which the God of Nature had arrayed in a dimery so exquisitely fair that, while the eye paused to linger upon its beauties, the heart almost involuntarily breathed forth its incense of grateful praise to Him whose hand had robbed it in such matchless charms. That spot was a fit dwelling-place for those who had chosen it as their abode. The happy pair who dwelt beneath that lowly roof could not only enjoy the beauties of the scene around them, but they could also say, "Our Father made them all."

It had not always been so. He, who now rejoiced in hope, whose heart overflowed with love to God and love to all mankind, was once a stranger to his Heavenly Father. But the tears, the prayers, the mild entreaties of that gentle one whose destiny was linked with his, were blessed of heaven and made the means of turning him from error's ways to those of peace and safety. And, now, their hopes, their fears, their aims were one; and when gladness filled the heart, they would together speak of Him whose goodness made their cup of bliss overflow; and when trials came, (for what earthly scene so fair but grief will sometimes enter?) they would remind each other of those fairer skies and brighter scenes where sorrow never stole—and, though the heart was full, well-nigh to bursting, yet would it thrill with joy when they together spoke of meeting in those blissful scenes to part no more forever.

They had an only daughter. She was a lovely child. The roseate hue of health overspread her dimpled cheek. The light, elastic step, the ever-ready smile and the joyous tones of her sweet voice told of a heart as yet un-

used to grief—while her mild, dark eye beamed with intelligence and love. The parents' eyes would sparkle with delight as they rested on the unfolding beauties of their opening flower; and often would they press their daughter to their heart and pray that heaven's choicest blessings might descend and rest upon her. And thus that tender plant—the nursling of a mother's watchful care and father's ceaseless love—grew up and twined its fibres closely round those parents' hearts. The father loved his child—often prayed for her—often spoke to her of heaven, and longed to see her ripening for its bliss; but the mother! Oh! who can tell how pure, how deep, how fervent was the love that glowed within that mother's bosom for her only child!

But why (when all around conspired to render her so happy), why did the rising sigh so oft escape the mother's lips? Why, when she received the filial caresses of her much loved child, would she sometimes turn aside to brush away the starting tear? Oh! that mother's heart was yearning for her daughter's dearest interests with all the warmth and fondness and intensity of a mother's love. From the first dawning of its young existence, no day had passed without witnessing the fervent aspirations of the fond mother in behalf of her beloved child. In its infancy, she had solemnly dedicated it to the service of her Heavenly Father. In its childhood, she had prayed for grace to aid her in training it for heaven. Often had she seen the tear trembling in the eye of her little one after it had been listening to the story of a Saviour's suffering love as it fell from a mother's lips. And then (while the young heart was thus softened) the pious parent would take her daughter's little hand in her's, and, kneeling, would teach her to ask that Saviour, in her own sweet and simple language, to renew her heart and make her his. When the mother's eye would rest on the youthful face lighted up with the sunny smiles of innocence and joy, she would remember that earthly bliss is evanescent, and maternal love, mingling with christian faith, would plead with heaven that that loved one might early learn to seek those joys whose brightness knows no night. And when the trembling tear told that the young heart was saddened (for childhood has its sor-

rows, too), then would the mother pray that that little burdened heart might early learn to cast its every care on Him whose smile can rob affliction of its sting. Oft, too, in the solemn stillness of the midnight hour, when no eye (save that of God's) was on her, the mother's prayer would rise, "Father, save my child!" "Saviour, make her thine!" But, as yet, no answer came; therefore, the mother's heart was sad. 'Twas this which sometimes filled her eyes with tears and cast a shade of sadness o'er her brow. She had hoped to see her much loved child, in early life, sitting in meekness at the Saviour's feet and lifting forth his praise. But this hope had not been realized. The child had grown to womanhood, and, in disposition, form and mind, was all that even a mother's heart could wish. The casket's form was beautiful, but the gem within still all unpolished laid. Still, the daughter knew not God; still, was she a stranger to the joy of sins forgiven; still, the mother prayed and wept, and yet no answer came.

Had that mother's prayers been lost, then? Had they been overlooked by Him whose nature and whose name is love? Had prayer ceased to be "the golden key which unlocks the treasury of heaven"? Oh! no. Each sigh the mother had breathed was registered on high. A Father's eye had marked, a Father's hand had numbered, every secret tear; and each prayer she had offered, perfumed with the rich incense of a Saviour's merits, had risen to heaven and been accepted there. And in God's own good time the answer came. The Holy Spirit's

influence touched the daughter's heart. She felt she had sinned. Her soul was burdened with its guilt. She realized that He whose love she had slighted, whose commands she had disobeyed, was a tender Father, whose heart was yearning o'er His straying child, and who, in accents mild, was saying to that erring one, "Return, and I will give you rest." She did return. She heard the sinner's Friend inviting her to come, and, kneeling, she implored forgiveness in His name.

There is no note, even on Gabriel's harp, more welcome at the court of heaven than that of weeping penitence suing for peace and pardon. That suppliant's prayer was heard and answered. She knelt a stricken mourner—she rose a ransomed heir, a denizen of heaven. Her soul was filled with calm and holy joy, such as she ne'er had known before—

*"That joy of earth unknown in heaven,  
The new-born joy of sins forgiven."*

The father, too, rejoiced. But the mother—Oh! who can tell the bliss, the rapture of her heart as she pressed her daughter to her bosom and welcomed her as an heir of heaven! Nor joy was felt on earth alone. The angels that surround the Throne above, interested in the welfare of man and eager to fly on embassies of love in his behalf, were bending over the battlements of heaven, and, catching the first low-murmured sound of contrition's humble sigh and faith's low-whispered prayer, as they conning'e'l, they tuned their harps anew:

*"The sinner lost is found, they sung,  
And struck the golden lyre."*

Ed.

#### FOR THE CASKET.

### LOOK UPWARD.

If thou art one whom the cares of life press heavily, and thy heart is shadowed by incessant thought, whether thy brow be clouded in the bright morning or at dusk eve, be not discouraged—droop not and weary, faint by the way; but be courageous—be sure that thou wilt conquer at last and win a crown for thy toil and care. Mind not if, through life's sandy desert paths and up the many steep mountains through the rough thorns that beset thy way, thou strugglest darkly and seemingly in vain. Mind not these: turn not aside with discontent, nor regard with envious heart the favored sons of leisure, who pass down the stream of life so smoothly—who can repose by the bubbling fountains they may chance to find—who walk so happily through the gardens which luxury has cultivated for their tread; but remember Him who, in his lifetime, passed the same way

and can sympathise with thy many trials. Keep thy soul from doubt, sadness and fear; be consoled and comforted; for soon all dangers and sorrows will have passed, and the fair Celestial city of thy God will be reached. Look up! Never despair! We are pilgrims here; we have no home on earth. Christ has gone before to wait our coming and prepare a place; yes, houses built "eternal in the heavens," not made with hands, are ours, in which to dwell when this dust shall mingle with the dust whence it came. Therefore, look upward, and do not take heed of dark to-morrows, since they are not thine. Never pause nor droop, but press on still upward, till, by and by, thy mortal coil shall loose like broken fetters, and thy spirit shall soar upward, till, like a star, it shall glisten in the pure glory of a spotless sky.

E. H.



FOR THE CASKET.

## MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

THAT we are dependent upon others for many of our enjoyments, and much that is truly valuable to us, is a truth with which we are all familiar. During the helpless period of infancy, how entirely dependent are we upon the kindly offices of maternal tenderness for all that is necessary to supply the wants and minister to the comfort of our young existence! In childhood's happy, thoughtless season (though then we little realize it), how much do we owe parental vigilance and care for watching over our heedless footsteps and instilling into our opening minds those seeds of moral sentiment and correct principle, the growth of which is so essential to our usefulness and happiness in after life! When we tread the "slippery paths of youth," how much do we stand in need of counsel and direction from those of riper judgment and more experience than ourselves! And how often, by thoughtless and injudicious measures, would we probably bring ourselves into difficulty and embarrassment, but for the advice thus given! In every period of life, from the dawn of infancy to the time when age with its attendant infirmities calls for the hand of sympathizing kindness to smooth its passage to the tomb, we need the aid of others, and are indebted to them for much of what renders life desirable.

So, also, in the various employments in which we engage. Whatever may have been our pursuits, if success has crowned our efforts, we must acknowledge that for a large portion of that success we are indebted to others. This state of mutual dependence is not irksome to man; it is suited to his nature and wants. Even those whose lofty bearing would seem to intimate that they scorn the thought of being dependent on any but themselves would, nevertheless, be unwilling to be thrown entirely upon their own resources for happiness; while those of gentler mould and finer feelings freely own that many of their most cherished sublunary joys flow to them through the golden medium of the aid proffered by the hand of friendship. How thankful are such that they may resort to some long-tried and faithful friend, or to some disinterested stranger, it may be, to aid them in difficulty, to cheer them in adversity and to rejoice with them in gladness!

The wisdom and goodness of our Creator are plainly discernible in having thus made us dependent upon each other while we sojourn here. Were our condition in this respect the opposite of what it now is, what would be the effect upon our character and happiness? Place man in a position that would render him entirely independent of those about him—let him feel that his own unaided efforts will put him in possession of all that may be attained of earthly good; when clouds gather around him, let him realize that the smiles of friendship can do nothing to dissipate their gloom—and you will not only deprive him of one of the purest sources of earthly bliss, but you will also bring

him into circumstances decidedly unfavorable in their influence upon his character. Placed in such circumstances, he would be at little pains to assist others, as he would be conscious that he himself could never need reciprocal aid. Hence, he would lose much of the "luxury of doing good." To pursue such a course as would tend to raise him in the estimation of the wise and good, would be to him an object of minor importance, as he would be sensible that, as his happiness could not be increased by their regard, neither could it be diminished by their disapprobation. He would neglect to cultivate a social disposition, and would lightly esteem a desire to lessen the sorrows of others by those silent acts of unobtrusive kindness which we all know so well how to appreciate, as he would never have felt the power of sympathy to impart a double relish to his own joys or alleviate the grief which sometimes pours

*"Its tide of anguish through the heart."*

But, happily, He, who in every dispensation of His providence has consulted the best interests of His creatures, has made our actual condition in life widely different from the one we have been supposing; and it becomes us to ask what practical lessons we may learn from the consideration of our state of mutual dependence. If, from this arrangement of our Heavenly Father's providence, we derive so much pleasure and profit, then, gratitude to Him, manifested in our daily walk and conversation, is an obvious duty. Our dependence on each other also teaches us the unreasonableness of pride, that sin by which the angels fell. It should tend to check that haughty and arrogant spirit which seems to look down upon those about us as if it would say, "I am holier than thou." Is it true that for much of what we may know, much of what we have enjoyed—that for even the necessities of life, we are indebted, under God, to others, and shall we cherish feelings of self-exaltation, as if we were indebted to none but ourselves for all that we possess, all that we enjoy? And shall we look down with indifference or contempt upon those whom we may regard as beneath us? No. It becomes us to cultivate an humble spirit, remembering that, if others had enjoyed equal advantages with ourselves, they would probably have made a better use of them, and would far have surpassed us in all that is "lovely and of good report."

That we should endeavor by every means in our power to promote the interests and contribute to the happiness of those about us, is a duty obviously resulting from the relation we sustain to them. This is an obligation which every generous mind delights to discharge—a duty, the performance of which brings with it its own rich reward. Let us, then, ask ourselves how we may best promote the comfort of others, and let us promptly and cheerfully do all in our power to increase the happiness of those about us. Our means of doing good may



not be commensurate with our desires. Often, perhaps, we can only

*"Weep in pity o'er the wound,  
We want the power to heal."*

But, still, we can all do something, and perhaps much, to alleviate human woe and add to the sum of human enjoyment. Let us remember that to the sensitive mind

*"A small unkindness is a great offence,"*  
and carefully avoid everything that may in any

way wound the feelings of others. Happy shall we be if we thus learn and practice the lessons taught us by the state of mutual dependence in which it has pleased our wise and beneficent Creator to place us—happy in the consciousness of doing that which our consciences approve, and which He who requires it at our hands will assuredly own and bless.

Ed.

FOR THE CASKET.

## AIM HIGH.

We should aim high in all our mental efforts, and never be contented with mere superficial knowledge. The favored period of our school-days should be appreciated; for, if we let it pass unimproved, it can never be recalled. Though our power of acquiring knowledge be not great as that of many others, still, we should aim high and seek with persevering energy elevated attainments in science and in virtue. The stately oak is not the growth of a month or a year. It springs from a small acorn that by chance has fallen to the earth. While young, it will yield to the gentle breeze, but, after many years, it grows up and becomes the king of the forest, and though it may bow its head before the blasting storm, its foundation is unshaken. So should it be with us. We should not only aim high in the acquisition of knowledge, but also in endeavoring to form a perfect

character to discharge our duty to all and to live in obedience to the commandments of God. Such a course will elevate us above the low and grovelling things of earth. The fashion of the world is fast passing away. How rapidly the beauties of Nature decay! The fields and forest, one day, are arrayed in lively green—the next, present a sickly and death-like appearance. All teach us a useful lesson.—Seasons may change—the beauties of Nature fade—flowers lose their fragrance; but, if we have our minds richly stored with useful knowledge, our influence will be felt when we cease to exist. Let us, then, not be content with moderate attainments in what is useful and good, but in science, in literature, and, above all, in virtue and piety, let our motto be, Aim high!

J. M.C.

FOR THE CASKET.

## LOVE OF NOTORIETY IN WOMAN.

*She that "hath ears to hear, let her hear."*

THERE are those so vain that they are dissatisfied with common attentions, and who are so inflated with self-conceit that, unable to secure the notice they fancy they deserve, have recourse to various expedients to obtain it. These expedients are invariably of a decidedly objectionable character; and, while it is true that they do attract attention to the individual, it gains for her a most unenviable notoriety.

To excuse themselves (as they think) in their eccentricities or, more properly, their immoralities, they urge their independent spirit and their disregard of public opinion. But this is mere affectation; for, in their singular and strenuous efforts to draw attention to themselves, they clearly show that, of all others, they are most anxious to be noticed and favorably spoken of.

But, admitting that they really are regardless of public sentiment respecting themselves,

is this commendable? Is not such contempt of the opinion of the great, the wise and the good the grossest arrogance? Is it modest to declare, with a bold front to the world, that the principles governing society in morals and manners are all unnecessarily rigid, and that you have now discovered the happy medium of the two extremes?

The love of notoriety is, with many, a passion. Like the simpleton of Athens, who, rather than not be known at all, preferred being known as a fool, so the lovers of this wretched fame, rather than remain in an honorable seclusion, drag themselves, with all their deformities, before the multitude, and in the full blaze of noonday hold to extremest height their marred humanity, and with immense complacency thunder forth, "Look at me!" O woman! greatly hast thou fallen when thus thou fallest!

CENSOR.

FOR THE CASKET.

## MADAME FELLER.

FAR away in a more northern clime, where the icicles sparkle like diamonds in the pale light of the long winter's sun, and the earth reposes, many months of the year, under its snowy mantle, may be seen a little gem of a village nestling quietly in the lap of the green hills which surround it, which seem like watchful sentinels, proud to guard it from all ruthless hands. Many of us have loved to listen to the music of its clear, sweet-toned bells, as, Sabbath after Sabbath, it broke upon the ear, floating away through the trees, whose waving foliage joins the chorus, to remind us of far-off Æolian strains. We care not if that little town occupy a small space on the map of the world—it fills a large one in the hearts of many of us.

In that sweet spot, long lived the lamented Fannie Forrester, around whose memory pleasant thoughts love to cluster. She there lived beloved and adored by all, especially by those who, with the writer, have been privileged to listen to her sweet, soft voice, and see her soothing, with loving care, the declining years of an aged mother, who yet lives to cherish the memory of her gifted daughter gone a little before her to heaven.

Many a bright star from the religious and literary world has visited that pleasant spot. Well do I remember one who came so unexpectedly, and left us so quickly, that she seemed indeed an angel visitant. Those who enjoyed the rare pleasure of becoming acquainted with her will join me in this tribute of respect to Madame Feller. With her labor of love and self-denial at the Grande Ligne Mission, we are all familiar. Once, the daughter of affluence, she possessed every earthly enjoyment. A happy home in her native clime, her Switzerland; a kind partner, and a daughter, around whose life a mother's heart-strings closely twined. An "elegant sufficiency" was then her lot, but she was without the holy influence of religion. God, in his infinite wisdom, de-

prived her at one stroke of her child and of him on whom she leaned perhaps too trustfully. Then she sought a better portion, and, leaving her own loved home, she severed every tie that bound her to her native land, and came to the wilds of Canada. She had lost much of her worldly substance, and was in a strange land with no friend in whom to confide. To know her feelings at that time, you should hear her describe them in her own touching language. Houseless, friendless and alone, the sight even of a little child led by a mother's fostering hand struck a chord of sadness in her aching heart. Was she not childless, with none to love and cheer her or weep over her grave, should she die in this land of strangers? But light broke through the clouds which enveloped her. She trusted in God's never-failing mercy, and was supported in her hour of trial.

Madame Feller is a most singular union of all that is lovable in woman with great strength and energy of mind. She is gentle and timid as a child, yet firm and unshaken, relying entirely on her God. To do her noble character justice, requires an abler pen than mine; yet I feel it a privilege to present even a feeble offering at the shrine of one so loving and so good—happy if I may but catch something of her spirit while speaking of her many virtues. Though we may never be called to leave our happy homes and, like her, devote our lives to the cause of missions, yet we should have enough of the missionary spirit to aid it, as we all may, by our prayers. Should we never again look on the benevolent countenance of Madame Feller—never again see her sunny smile winning its way to all hearts, still we may imitate her christian meekness, her retiring manners, her simple trust in God. We may strive for more of her ardent zeal and be better prepared to meet her again, when her labors on earth shall have ended, in that peaceful, happy land where "adieu and farewells are a sound unknown."

H. E. D.

FOR THE CASKET.

## THE ANGEL GUIDE.

I stood by a stream whose sparkling waters seemed to speak of a glorious and happy home in the future—of an omnipotent hand whose creative power is beyond the comprehension of us earthly mortals. The past was before me; the future was in the distance. My reverie was interrupted by the sound of such music as could only come from heaven. I turned, and behold! a being clothed in the raiment of the blessed, stood near me and whispered softly in my ear, "Child, come with me—I will show thee the renowned places of earth: follow me."

Over mountains, oceans and streams, we fled

with lightning speed; and Italy, land of genius, lay before us. "Child," spake the angel, "behold fallen Rome." Where, Oh! where are its glories' bright being? I have heard of its fame, its temples, palaces and boastings. It was once called the queen city of the world. Now, it is mouldering in ruins. "Child, let this teach you the mutability of earthly things. It was once renowned, but now its glories lie low in the dust. Its emperors, poets, painters and senators have passed away from the thoughts and memories of men."

Angel, what city below? "Greece, the birth-

place of the arts and sciences." Where are thy poets, thy philosophers? Athens, where is thy Socrates? A voice, like the soft murmuring of the sea-shell, answers, "All, all gone!" I wept. "Wipe away thy tears, child—weep not for fallen Athens—for there is an eternal city which will not crumble with the lapse of centuries." What sounds are those which are wafted by the gentle breeze to my ear? "The song of the Swiss herdsman." I indeed behold the lakes, the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland. All here is joyous, beautiful and gay. No corroding care mars the happiness which is ever beaming on the countenances of those joyous beings. Angel, let me stay always here in the fairest of all lands. Italy's skies are deeply blue. Greece is still loved by her fallen sons. There is desolation—here freedom and content. "Child, follow more." Hovering over the dark blue ocean, a beam of joy passed over his radiant countenance, while he spake of the tomb of Mrs. Julson. "My child, it is here the brightest and best of Amer-

ica's daughters repose. Rest eternal is her's. Now to thine own native land, child. We will behold the glories which my Father has bestowed upon it." Hark! The noise of a mighty cataract reaches my ear. Still nearer, till the thunder of rushing waters causes my heart to quake with fear. "Child, gaze below." The glittering spray, with a rainbow in each drop, charms the eye. Look! With what wonderful rapidity do the waters rush over the cataract into the abyss below! This is the glory of my native land. This is Niagara. "Linger for a moment, child, around the tombs of Washington, Clay and Webster." Where are these patriots now? A voice echoes in heaven, With God, Rest remaineth for them in future. Angel, take me to that better land. Leave me not here alone. "Child, I must leave you yet a little while; but I will return again and take you to the home—the heaven—for which thou longest." I awoke. 'Twas only a dream.

M. S. N.

#### FOR THE CASKET.

### THE SCHOOL-GIRLS' DREAMS.

It has been said, life is but a troubled dream, with few joys and many sorrows. Hope builds many an airy castle, which lures us on as it recedes farther and farther in the future, till at last it vanishes into nothingness. Hope strews our path with flowers, but hides the thorns that lurk beneath. Hope is rich in glad promises we never realize—promises which, like the faded fruit, crumble into ashes at the touch. Yet, who would for a moment cloud the sunshine of a joyous heart by gloomy shadows of coming sorrow? Who would bid the smile cease to play upon the cheek? Who would bid the beaming eye grow dull and forget the bright visions that float within its view? The past may tell us hope is a delusive dream, a fleeting shadow; but in affliction it gives courage to the despairing soul. It is the gleam of sunshine in the captive's lonely cell. It is the solace of the sufferer on his couch of pain, and to the tempest-tossed mariner it whispers of a welcome among loved ones at home. To the sterner sex we leave the battle of life, the struggle for pre-eminence, with all its animosities and jealousies, while we seek to enhance the charms that cluster around the fireside of home.

Then, with this view of life, what are the dreams that brighten a school-girl's pathway and chase the cloud from her brow? In yon school-room sits many a girlish form bending over the morrow's lesson. The hours steal unheeded by. "Life's May morn is opened before them." The world and its realities are both unknown. Care is a stranger. The warm gush of youthful feeling still flows on, neither chilled nor poisoned. The ruby lips and sparkling eye glow and brighten, and tell of happy hearts and

happy days. They dream not of the "wide, wide world" beyond the school-room's walls, but look to coming joys.

Watch that dark-eyed girl with raven ringlets. She is dreaming now of gay companions that await her entrance on another sphere—that wait to gaze upon her and fill her cup with transient joys. She is a peerless beauty. Once, that heart was filled with noble and lofty aims, while the rectitude of principle, blended with dignity, tinged her very existence; but flattery has poisoned those veins. Now, she thinks not to store her mind with lasting treasures; now, she thinks only of what may add charm to charm, and gain the homage of the crowd. The morrow's lesson grows difficult—it is an irksome task—and the admonition of the teacher falls on a heedless ear.

Watch that fair girl with sunny hair. She would be wealthy. Something whispers to her that happiness dwells only amid stately halls and costly equipage. Opulence and shining gold rouse a thirst that is quenched only with the belief that they alone give content. She dreams of flashing jewels, of dazzling gems, and thinks misery waits but to be gilded to become true happiness.

Watch that girl who sits apart from the others. Her pale brow is the throne of a lofty intellect. Resolutions, deep and strong, bid defiance to laughing sports. Her cheek has grown pale, her brow is shadowed with thought. The sunken eye tells of vigils late and long. Yet, longer still would she linger and seek for hidden gems and dawning truths. Life's pilgrimage she would not travel unknowing and unknown. Laurels bought with ambition's toil fill her every

thought. She seeks the applause of the world, and dreams of happiness only as associated with fame.

The young girl who sits apart, sorrowing, is motherless. A few weeks since, she was as gay and joyous as any around her; but Oh! a crushing sorrow has fallen upon her spirit now—she is motherless! In the enjoyments of a mother's love, she heeded not the unsympathizing coldness of the world; but now, a cold look or an unkind word will send an icy chill to her heart. I hear you say, "God shield the orphan!" She thinks the spirit of her gentle mother is ever hovering near her, beckoning her to a heavenly home. Her hope is that her footsteps may be so guided that, when her spirit shall pass the portals of the tomb, it may blend with that of her sainted mother.

Now, let us lift aside the curtain of the future and see the realization of these dreams.

List to the beauty's hopes of life. They have all been gratified. Wealth and talent have paid homage to her charms, and many an impassioned vow has been breathed into her listening ear. She, long since, has learned that the world is not all it seems, and says, "This is a cold and heartless place!" But experience has also gone farther, and incremented another principle—a distrust of what is true. The visions of school-days have faded away, and her charms have faded with them. The realities of stern life and rugged scenes hover around her. Now, she mourns the follies of earlier days, and clings to the gleaming hope of other joys with the fondness of childhood. She feels life must have high and noble aims to satisfy the cravings of the soul.

The golden dreams of the sunny-haired girl—they, too, have been granted. Now, she is mistress of a stately mansion, where art and taste have vied to give elegance and splendor. A retinue of servants await her command. Hoarded gold has lavished luxury after luxury. Lip-friends and heart-friends have poured forth

honeyed words. Yet, she is not happy; there is a something wanting; and her soul turns away from flattery's siren voice—for she has learned that happiness springs from a purer source than the pride of ostentation; and often she exclaims, "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!"

The aspirant for fame has had her dream of life fulfilled. She has studied the human heart in all its phases, and now holds, as it were, the key to its inmost recesses. Beneath her skillful touch, the chords of human feeling vibrate to notes of joy or sorrow and thrill the multitude. She has won the wreath of fame, but it sits not lightly on her brow. She has learned, alas! the mournful truth that it is not worth the purchase, and that, hidden within its leaves, is many a thorn that pierces inward to the brain.

The young girl whom we saw sorrowing for a mother's loss had her dream also, and that was the christian's hope of immortality beyond the grave. The afflictions of her early life had given a heavenward tendency to her thoughts. She has stood beside the bed of sickness, and her words of consolation have poured a flood of light into the darkened mind of despairing penitence. In the cause of suffering humanity, she has been an angel of mercy—extending to the needy the hand of charity, comforting the afflicted and telling the erring of God's forbearance and matchless love. She mourns not over bright hopes. That face, radiant with a holy light, tells of happiness that alone can flow from a heart full of truth and love. The promises of God cheer her in every hour of trial, and thoughts of death bring no terror. The darkness that hovers around the tomb is chased away by the light of an eternal morn, and death to her is but the passage of the spirit to the mansions of the blessed, where all is never-ending peace and joy. All had their visions of bliss, but *her* dream alone is exchanged for a golden reality.

A. M. P.

FOR THE CASKET.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TREE.

WHEN I first knew myself, I was a young tree, about three inches in diameter, in the midst of a dense forest, surrounded by many beautiful companions of various kinds; and, though surpassed by most of them in magnitude, I flattered myself that I could vie with them in many respects—for beauty was depicted on every feature, and the most perfect symmetry pervaded my whole system. My vanity will, of course, be pardoned when it is known that I was constantly hearing myself complimented by passers-by, while their eyes seemed to feast on foliage of so lovely a hue as mine. My self-love, consequently, daily increased. But alas! wholly absorbed in self, I little dreamed of the unhappiness my beauty was preparing for me.

Soon after a gentle shower, when all nature seemed refreshed, the birds pouring forth their most melodious strains, with occasionally a lonely cloud floating off in the west as if to greet other lands with a shower, I heard distant footsteps, which approached until I recognized those by whom I had been so much admired. I was soon eradicated, conveyed to the residence of a wealthy gentleman and re-planted among the trees of the lawn. One can easily realize my regret at being thus removed from my birth-place; but the pleasures of my new home soon reconciled me to my fate. In consequence of my rapid growth, I became the admiration of all the neighborhood. With head aspiring to the skies and branches spreading wide, each



day brought numbers of youth and maidens to recline beneath my shade, and I, of course, heard many conversations too sacred for the ear of the vulgar.

But, in the midst of all my glory, I was exposed to another and more disastrous transition. By cruel hands I was hewn down and transported to a northern town, where, though insensible to pain, I presume I underwent very many metamorphoses; for, when reason was restored, I found I was converted into a grand musical instrument, called an Organ, and placed in a spacious hall—for no ordinary room was ample enough to contain me.

In process of time, I was purchased by a gentleman at the South, to be placed in a female institute, over which he presided. I was taken down, packed in boxes, and sent to the celebrated town of M——, on the Meherrin

river, in the "Old North State," where, on my arrival, I was greeted by many acclamations of joy. I must confess, a little of my former pride returned when I saw what a sensation was produced by my advent among the young ladies at my new home. I have no doubt the worthy Principal himself also has a high esteem for me, for he seems to regard me with much interest, and listens very attentively to every sound that I utter. My present situation is in a large and elegant chapel, where, every morning and evening, a concourse of intelligent young ladies resort for worship, and I am permitted to aid them in their anthems of praise.

I am now, probably, located for life; for, from the high esteem in which I am held, I have few fears of being again removed.

A. S.

FOR THE CASKET.

## THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I LIKE to see a young lady, when she is walking in the street, assume a *bold, confident* air and manner—because it shows her *independence*.

I like to see her, when she meets a gentleman with whom she is only slightly acquainted, *stare* steadily at him until she attracts his attention and receives a bow of recognition. This shows that she is not troubled with an excess of modesty, which is always annoying to its possessor.

Again: I like to see her, when she meets an unassuming gentleman (who is thankful for all the attentions he receives), look steadily in an opposite direction till he passes her. This shows how little she regards his feelings, and saves her from the imputation of being over polite. To assume a modest demeanor at such a time, but

to regard the gentleman sufficiently to let him know she wishes to recognize him, would show that she had very little *spirit*, and that she took too much pains to spare the feelings of another.

I like to see *two* young ladies, when they are walking together and about to meet some one whom they do not particularly admire, give each other a slight push, then both look very much as if they would like to laugh, and, as soon as the person passes, indulge that disposition loud enough to be heard. This shows that they have sense enough to know who ought to be treated with respect, and also that they are not fettered by attention to the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by."

On all occasions, I like to see young ladies self-confident. It shows their good taste.

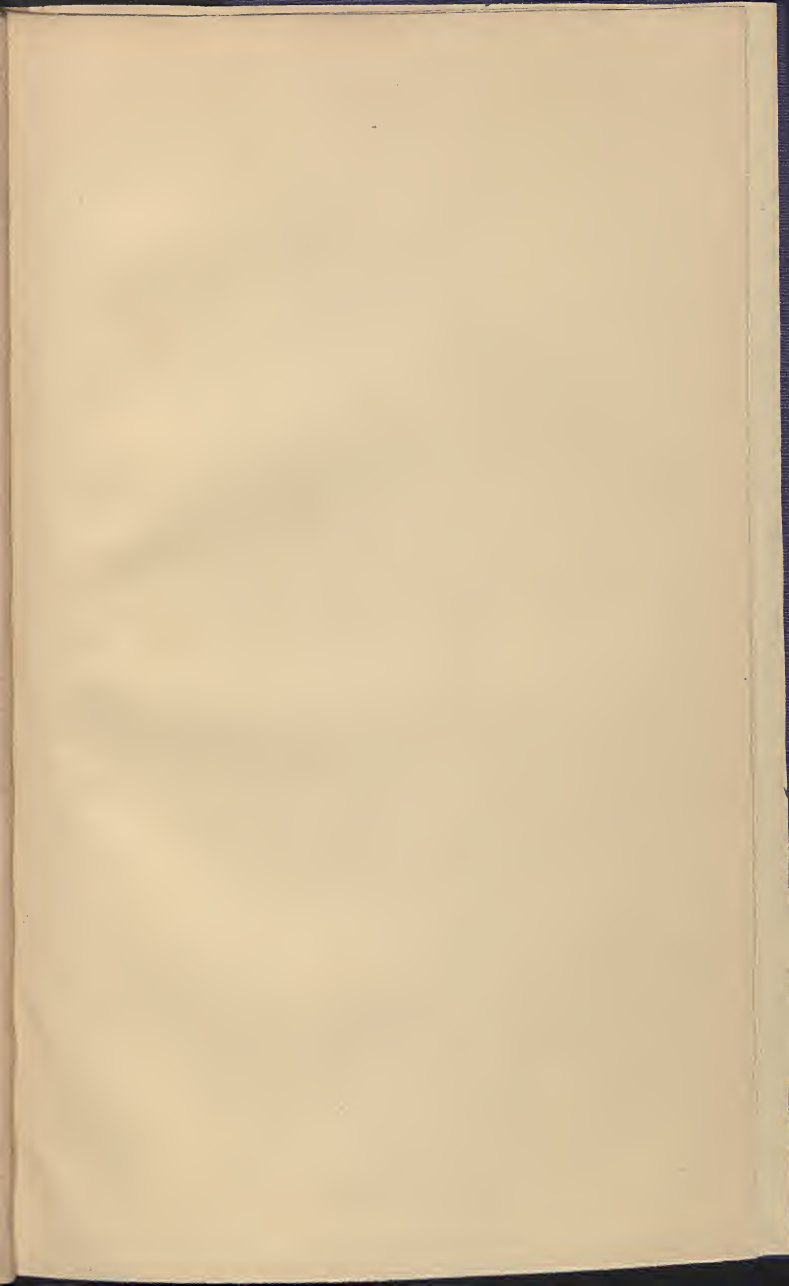
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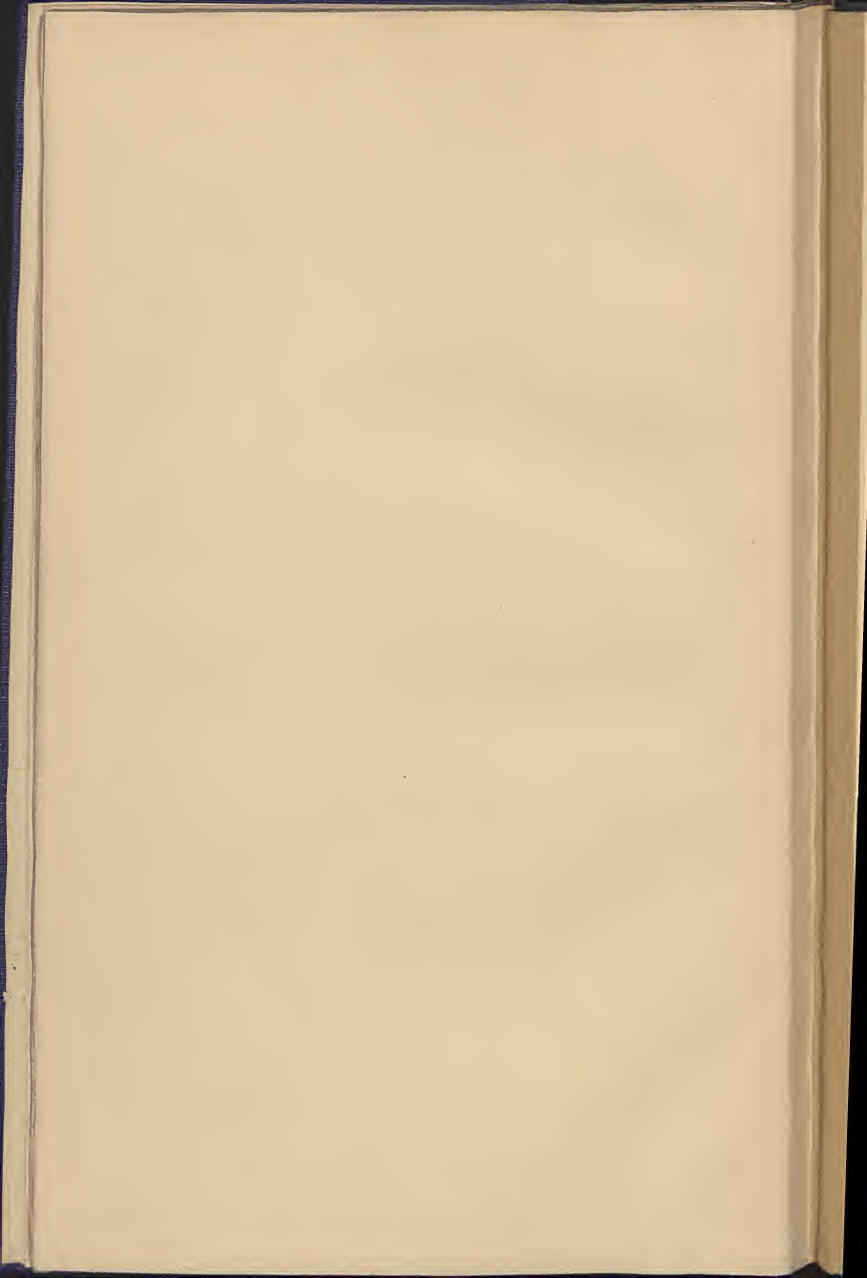
## FAITH.

WHAT power has faith! It lifts the soul above the narrow confines of this lower world, fill it drinks in the pure, calm bliss of heaven. As the morning sunbeam disperses the remaining shades of darkness, and from the moist and drooping flowers drinks off the early dew, even

so, from the heart which faith inhabits, do the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness dissipate the clouds of gloom and scatter light and gladness o'er the path which leads the christian to his cloudless home, his mansion in the skies.







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